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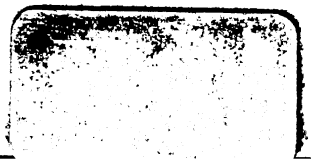

CANNON-FLASHES

AND

PEN-DASHES.

"JUPITER ILLA PIAE SECREVIT LITORA GENTI."
Horace, Epodon, Lib. Carm. xvii, 63

"INJURIOSO NE PEDE PRORUAS
"STANTEM COLUMNAM, NEU POPULUS FREQUENS
"AD ARMA CESSANTES, AD ARMA
"CONCITET IMPERIUMQUE FRANGAT."
Horat. Carm., Lib. 1, xxxv, 13-16.

CLAES MARTENZE.

NEW YORK:
W. H. KELLEY & COMPANY, 653 BROADWAY.

1866.

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R. 1719 L.

DEDICATION.

TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.

WHEN the battle-cry alarming,
Said rebellious hordes are arming,
Everything looked drear.
Women hugged their babes in terror,
Strong men cursed the traitors' error,
Freedom dropped a tear.

Old men almost ceased advising:
Youths were everywhere arising;
Nations stopped to hear.

Then arose the anthem, ringing,
From the fields, of armies, singing,
"On! right on, we steer."
And a million arms caressed them,
Many million voices blessed them,
Blessed the Volunteer.

Foes had torn his native land,
By her he must fall or stand,
She to him is dear,
He could hear the musket rattle,
Face the cannon in the battle,
Die, but could not fear;

Such a band are your defenders,
Who can die but can't surrender—
Such the Volunteer.

Here was freedom's army going
To the place where shells were mowing,
Fields of armies clear;
Yet no step is seen to falter,
No determinations alter,
In the Volunteer.

Now they charge! But some are lying
On the field, some dead, some dying;
Shoutings reach the ear—

Then the maimed and wounded heroes,
Struggling weakly in the death-throes,
Lisp a patriot cheer.
Weakened by the feeble effort,
Thinking not of his discomfort,
Falls the Volunteer.

Freedom in her heart embalms you,
Cursing every dart that harms you,
Every sword and spear;
Every age will crown you brave,
Old and young will know the grave
Of the Volunteer.

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

ALL men are not by same or similar methods
Educated. One takes God's word divine,
And ponders it, and says "'tis naught!" or worse;
But he may from a feeling, living heart
Work out philanthropy, nor ever think
Of revelation, until, in working out
His heart-work, he becomes co-partner with
Infinity, and wakes to find that he
In loving man has learned to love his God.

An earthly father does not think to please
All children with like gifts; one little eye
Will dance enraptured at a pole-and-ape,
Another craves a telescope.
In man
God planted, sometimes in choking thorn-ground,
Sometimes in soil like dust on road-side rocks,
Again, so deep down under self and sense,
That it will never rise and burst its cell,
Its prison-house, to bud and bloom for good.
But yet 'tis there, God-planted still, a germ
That swells with almost heart-pulsations. Vain!

Why vain? Because, tho' God-implanted germ
It be, yet needing care or it is naught.
'Tis not His way to give a watch (to use
A similie) and then return to wind it.
Some men are satisfied to live and breathe.
And chew the cud that may be in the way,
And look with cattle-eyes on scenes that show
The thoughtful study of divinity:
And yet they pass their cattle-lives, and dream
Their sensuous somnolence, while one,
Their neighbor, aye! their very blood, perhaps,
Brings out his heart and mind, and lays them down

In view of all the picture, and communes
With it, and feels an interest. Yes, and more!
He feels an inspiration, and he goes
Away, and lives better, and works harder.
Working *is* living: he that does not one,
Does not the other.

Yet all cannot work
At making theories, and thoughts in shape;
Not every man can frame philosophy.
Few Bacons have so knocked the rugged edges
Off them by their thoughts, that all men who hear
Their names suffix (if not in word in thought)

Their other name, Philosopher.

'Tis not

For every man to put the hidden things

Of earth and sense where the rude and robbed

Can read them. "Robbed," we said, advisedly,

For every man untaught *is robbed* of more

Enjoyment than he knows, *because* untaught.

You've seen a school-boy spelling out his task,

A Bible chapter, say, to make it plain,

When some terrific proper names, first seen,

Have driven from his mind context and sense:

Leave him to grow, and robbed of higher growth

The names that make their images in us,
And light the caverns of the brain all up
With borrowed rays of joy, are what to him?
Mere bugaboos to frighten him, and when
He meets them, balks—then stumbles—hits on something—
Then stops to breathe, and seems to hear the fiend
('Tis nothing else to him) hiss out the echo;
I say he's robbed!—a monument of wrong!
And what is that, which having got, we say
"That one is educated?" It is not
That having thumbed a dozen heavy tomes

In each of four or five vernaculars,
And crammed their substance in the lofts of brain,
He may, at will, ransack and reproduce
For future similie and figures apt:
But rather that, as there is nothing new
That he has thought with others, and with self,
And draws from that within, which, as we said,
God planted.

He that is a God of grace
Is God of nature, too. The artist sees it,
And when studying *this* he learns *the first*,
The while he reproduces it, *the last*.

Another, from an image in his mind,
Not new—for then 'twould be absurd—chips off,
First roughly, then more delicately nice,
Until the image of his mind stands forth:
A duplicate of what *he* had before,
But we knew nothing of until it comes
Before our senses. Now *we* are learning,
But *he*, in this, is educated.

Say,

If you will, the form existed in the
Marble bed, before 'twas quarried,
And I will tell you, yes! and would have been

Existing thus, while angel-hands at last
Were rolling up the heavens as a scroll,
Had not the hand of Genius set it free.
What say you? "Just as well!" No! No!
Gamaliel's lessons make Paul's joy
In heaven, even yet, the more complete.
That is our goal, and he who learns the most
On earth will need least schooling there.
Art
Is but nature simplified for mortals.
The music Mozart thought as far excelled
The music which he dotted down as *he*

Was capable of feeling—more than notes
Are of expressing. So of that other
Music—Poetry. 'Tis thought exstatic,
But when 'tis tried to plant this thought, that we
May come again, and see it there, and point
Our friends to it, that they may love it, too.
It will not leave the pen, or if it does.
Leaves not to seek the paper, but the air.
Man is finite. Hence man's deeds are finite.
The mind is part of Deity—immortal—
Partaking of the infinite, cannot
Be prisoned in our little play-house world.

We pick the eagle's plumes that fall to earth,
And mortal eyes may follow him a time,
Some more—some less—but all will lose the sight,
And none can even picture to themselves
His feelings, soaring thus, till lost to us,
Up there where we place "paradise."
Man is finite. But let him soar to find
The infinite. Aye, and he must soar thus:
"Mind not high things, but condescend to those
"Of low estate," said Christ to men long since.
Planets are mighty worlds. Our little earth
Is truly little in comparison.

Yet there are many things and places, too,
Upon its shell, that we, poor men, call "great."
A spider's web is not of high estate.
But take your telescope to Sirius,
And there your spider-line would hide the earth.
And even if our earth were magnified
To be as large as all its orbit is.
'Twould still be hid by this same spider-web.

If things were only what they seem to us,
The Dog-star but a little star would be,
Reminding us of gas-jets, half turned off;

And the great central sun, one million and
Four hundred thousand times the size of earth,
Would never be but half the size of Sirius.
But so it surely is—and stranger still,
Its light would more than match a dozen suns.

The meanest plough-boy learns to tell the tides,
But he would stare to hear that one by them
Could weigh the moon as if in balances.
But when once proved, man freely grants the fact,
Just as we do an axiom at sight.
And thus we see mind, like art and ages,

Is progressive. It starts with naught—a babe,
And may become an Humboldt presently.

The "things of low estate," of which we read,
Are not the little meannesses of earth.
All earthly wisdom when transplanted there
Will be of very little worth. What then,
Are we to shun it therefor? No! oh, no!
Being the best we have, use it as best
We may; God likes not sloth or ignorance.
And so we learn that everything in life
Is high or low to man, according as

He stands upon a lower or a grade
Above: and by the atmosphere between
He measures it. The upper air, though light,
Appears to magnify the things unreached;
The mountain top looks mighty from the valley,
But from the mount the vale looks tame.

Now back—

Our drawing-rooms are satisfied with light
Which human toil has made from buried mines;
A sun would scorch, and dazzle and destroy.
The mind can drink great inspirations, too,
Which ill would take the place of oxygen for lungs,

And as ill give the carbon back again
To leaf-mouthed nature, to be reproduced.
Just so the mind can hold commune with God,
Which neither human cameras can catch
To photograph, nor human words express.
Our paper from the filth of city streets
Requires a die, not yet found out, for this;
Nor will we know the secret till *we* die.

Perhaps 'tis just as well. We love earth now,
That is, for what it is—a stopping place.
What now is pleasure might be pain.

Bring down your soaring eagle from his eyrie,
And pinion him, and he becomes *the thing*
Our thoughts appear whenever with our pens
We try to rivet them on paper. Better
Let them fly. We'll see them sometime, may be;
If not, what better would we be to have
The fainting body chained to look upon
When the spirit's dead?
And tho' tis pleasant
Thus to dream and let the pencil try to follow,
Do not expect that thoughts we *only think*,
And cannot write or speak; could live if writ,

And coffined in the covers beasts had once,
And laid away in vaults (for vaults they are
Of dead men's words, if not of dead men's bones),
Which we call libraries.

NATIONAL MEMORY:

AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

GRATITUDE, than which there's no more native virtue,
Has, from time immemorial, been the song of the poet.
Young Æneas bore Anchises old from Troja.
Virgil sang it in verses, which man will never let perish,
Greece defended, sings the praise of her defenders,

And Leonidas, with the three hundred heroes of Sparta,
Live to show the world "a good deed cannot perish."

Rome remembers Cato, nor forgets the Gracchi.
All the world will remember the name of Cincinnatus.
Macedon remembers youthful Alexander.
Thebes in joyfulness points to the name of Epaminondas.
Is the name of William Tell or Winkelreid forgotten?
Has Kossuth no place in the records Hungary treasures?

Think you Poland never thinks of Kosciusko?

Warren was not lost when Bunker Hill was taken,
And Montgomery was not, though at Quebec he perished.
Nation's hearts are great, and seldom cold and thankless.
We can place by the side of our first love, Washington, many.
Baker, Mitchell, and Lander, and Lyon, Reno, and Winthrop
Are among the great we love so well to honor.
There is room for Ellsworth, too, among the number.

All the martyrs who fell 'neath the wasting scourge
of rebellion
Will be more and more beloved by future millions.

Nations know to hate, as well as love their children,
And their hatred is even as strong and lasting as
love is.
Does the Christian really hate the name of Judas?
Can we study with joyfulness tales of Cataline's
treason?
No! We run from treason as we shun contagion.
Floyd and Breckenridge now are as foul as Benedict
Arnold;

Judas is reproduced in a Jefferson Davis.

Forty centuries have changed the home of empire.

India, father of letters, is now but a British colony.

Egypt, like her pyramids, is but a relic,

Standing, proud of her history, mighty tomb of antiquity.

Sparta's noble heroes are a race no longer;

Now the Parthenon looks on the conquering race of Mohamed.

Classic Athens, Corinth, Thebes, are homes of slaves.

Carthage stood against the Romans three times ably.

Carthage now is a waste and a home fit only for serpents.

Rome, the world's great conqueror, is like her conquests;

On her several hills lives a race by no means "the Roman."

That name is now past, and no more means dominion.

In her arch-ways the owl at the present inhabitant hoots,

And, in their ignorance, they, even, do not hear him.

Presses now were giving all the wealth of letters,

Luther, greatest of leaders, had made religion over;

Then a Genoese displayed a world to Europe,
Fit for races which the old world could not nourish,
Clad with luxuriant growth, while below were mineral riches.
Here, then, martyrs for freedom and truth were coming together;
God had kept this land for such a race as they were.

Quakers, Methodists, Baptists, and Puritans, staunchest of all,
Huguenots, fresh from scenes like Bartholomew's day,

Brands from the burning at Smithfield, and Spain's inquisitions,
Tried by fire and sword, then sent to found an empire.
Here, too, came from oppression Ireland's noblest offspring;
And Holland sent her sons, those true reformers,
All, all pledged to God and the right and for liberty.

England, mighty England, sought their subjugation,
But she only effected "a bond of union" among them.
Steady was the march of this young nation forward;

Thrones and monarchs quailed before the rising republic.
Eighty years had passed, and her step was not more slow;
Then, with volcanic eruption, burst a mighty rebellion—
Came from ambitious men grown fat on her honors.

Cromwell led the English nation 'gainst oppression;
France believed that equality was her right, and the nation
Rose to make it known. Yes! rose in revolution.

But here it was not a wrong, but a feeling of alienation.

"We have always had the greater part of power,"
Said a lordly minority to the mass of the people,
"Give it to us still, or we will go and leave you."

ONE YEAR OF THE REBELLION.

MANY years had Christains, just for sake of union,
Made excuses for slavery till they thought they believed them.
When they found that system murdering their mother;
When they saw that their flag was trod in the dust by traitors;
When, in April, Sumter's walls were battered;

When they saw our armies had been arranged for surrender;

When they saw our treasures carried to the traitor,

Then, no longer waiting, rose the nation quickly,

Made excuses no longer, but each was burning for battle.

Only one resolve to all—*to crush rebellion.*

When this great uprising made itself apparent,

Many who never had dared to think of slavery calmly,

Now began to think *'tis not divine,* nor human.

When they thought of it then, as the corner-stone of the traitor,
Old conservatives even fiercely said, "we hate it!"
Every convulsion in history, whether we know it or not,
Has an object mighty, framed by God in heaven.
This rebellion, I take it, is not made an exception.

This new world was not kept for centuries hidden for nothing.
We are blessed with freedom—we have got a Bible—
God intends we shall give to the rest of the world our blessings.

How could we teach Christ to men and be inhuman?
How show freedom to others, and hold a race in subjection—
Give the Bible to men, while we break its every precept—
Teach the golden-rule, and keep a sickening slave-pen—
Send our teachers to China, and turn our backs on the negro?
Think of Christ's command to us—"Teach every creature."

Then, if we, in putting down this foul rebellion,
Should be forced to uproot the poisonous growth
which it fosters,
Why should we be grieved? 'Twas God, not we,
who did it.

This is one of the ways that Jehovah purges a
people.
When disease is severe harsher drugs are called for;
When the sin of a people cries to heaven against
them,
Then are they overthrown, or purged by fire from
heaven.

When the traitors centered all their fires on Sumter,
They thought Anderson, weak and surrounded, starved and deserted,
Was a type of their foe, tied up, cramped and crippled—
Half of the North were with them, and many more living by cotton.

But the first report that shook old Charleston harbor,
Caught by wires, was carried to every home in the Union.
Scarcely had the smoke of conflict fully vanished

When the voice of an outraged people was crying
for vengeance.

* Now the sounds of cannon come again to Charleston;
Cannon never to cease from their wrathful work of
destruction,
Till a ruined, wasted, scarred, and burning city
Stands a monument fit for a deed the foulest in
history;
Till the bastard counterfeit is sunk forever,

* This was written before the first year of the rebellion had closed, and was therefore prospective. See page 44, written at the end of the rebellion, for the fulfilment of the prediction, which I confess, a year before, looked as if it never would be literally fulfilled. Had I waited until to-day I would select no other words,—"ruined, wasted, scarred and burning,"—express the appearance of the leading city of the rebellion when the war was terminated.

NEW YORK, *May* 1, 1866. CLAES MARTENZE.

Torn from every staff, and trod in the dust by the victors,
And our starry banner floats in peace and triumph.
But there is a picture dark as was the former.
What is worse than ingratitude—worse than open rebellion?
'Tis conspiracy against a benefactor—
Even worse when it secretly plots and openly kisses;
Worse when the victim is covered with trouble and needing assistance.
Of such an one beware! Shun him like a viper!
Mark him for your contempt, and teach your children to hate him.

True men cannot doubt that right will conquer treason.
Be it distant or near, it is sure and certain as heaven;
Woe to the copperhead, then, and plotters in secret;
Double woe to her who stocked the seas with pirates.

Nations know to hate as well as love their children,
And their hatred is even as strong and lasting as love is;
And they know to revenge, with terrible vengeance,
Every check and hindrance placed by foreign envoy.
Let old England beware the time when forbearance ceases.

THE END OF REBELLION.

THRICE and again has earth her orbit made.
Now look!
Cannon *did not* cease from their wrathful work of
destruction
Till a ruined, wasted, scarred, and burning city
Fell! and Weitzell's black legions in triumph
rushed into Charleston.
They built their structure on "a corner stone of
wrong,

And when blue-coated warriors crumbled that with
their cannon,
Down the fabric came, and then one wrong was
righted.

And then in the confusion and the hurry of escaping
And while beholding nations waited for the end,
We learned that dying Slavery had done her very
worst in death;—
And when the flag went up again, *our Lincoln died.*

His work was done—he reached Fame's ladder's top-
most round.

Only a martyr-crown could make him more beloved;
Made twin with Washington—our two bright names
for aye—
And he, the giver, takes the honest hand of our
preserver.
They live! The one began, and now the other has
perfected it—
"Our Country's Father," and "Our Martyred Presi-
dent."

AFTER THOUGHTS.

PREJUDICE----HER FRUITS AND HER VICTIMS.

IT WAS Ruffin's hand that first the lanyard sprung,
That woke the echoes from the quay, and rolled
Its thundering volume all adown the port,
Till grim, cold Sumter—monument of him
Who in the olden time, though Southern born,
Fought for his native land and liberty,
Yes, grim, cold Sumter caught upon her sides

The cooling spray, dashed up by plunging shot,
And after it re-echoed back the thunder notes
To every little cavern and recess,
Which woke on that devoted starving band
The pent-up hatred felt by prejudice;
Aye, and like Thor-hammers Vulcan driven,
While every tensed muscle felt the wedge
Spring and rebound, as if it loathed to break.

On every side and angle came the *whir-r*
Of sailing globes, anon to burst, and then,
In one death-rattle, disappear in death.

And calm, the central target-spot of all
This pyrotechnic hell, old Sumter stood;
And when a temporary draught would raise
The smoky war-cloud-pall that covered her,
And place in bold relief against the sky
Those brazen-throated images of modern Mars
Upon her battlements and parapets,
Sullen, like the little band deserted,
Forced to see without the power to stay,
And look to sea-ward for the help they need;

While up above, hauled taught against the sky,

Our flag, in angry tones, defiantly
Flaps out, and flings its curses with its warnings.

That flag came down!

But oh, the night came too!
'Twas like the night that saw God crucified;
"The vail was rent," and op'd the way of joy,
And life, and manhood, to a race.
"And graves"
"Were opened" but to hide the ghastly leavings
Of Secession's banquet, but to engulph
Battalions and brigades;—*dead now,*

Because

They laid their piled-up bodies in the way
To throw "the car of progress" off the track.

Aye, and "there was an earthquake" too, and dire,
Such that it shook down art and nature both.
Go see the howling wilderness, in all
That garden-place, shut in between the lines
Of burnished bayonets and stern blockade.
But there's a quiet after every storm,
And these together make the consciousness
In men, and then centurions say, convinced,
"Truly this was the Son of God"

Black arms can stretch to heaven now, and not
Compel a morbid, sickly "Christianity"
—So called by its apostate followers—
To fill the ear of God with weak excuses,
And attempts to make Him comprehend that
All this misery is to evangelize,
And Christianize, and help His kingdom on.

Back with such doctrines to the hell they left!
A less-polluted Adam would have blushed
To stand thus in the light of God's great love,
And try to saddle on Him wrong and hate.
"'Twas Thou, and she Thou gavest me, not I!"—

"God made them slaves—hold Him responsible!"
There our excuse, with his contrasted, stands:
"He in the heavens laughs, and has them in derision."

It took a very Prince of Liars, and
In serpent's dress, at that, to say to Eve,
"Thou shalt not surely die."
This age is big
With impudence! That deed was common-place.
An ass has better eyes for seeing angels
Even than prophets, sometimes.
And wherefor?
Why, prejudice makes wretched spectacles.

We've passed four awful years. The struggle's over.
We stand to-day on vantage ground, and look
Farther ahead, and back in history clearer;
We see God's hand, and see our nakedness,
And hear the echo of our fathers' crime,
As it goes hissed and hissing down
Through all the centuries.

Yes, Ruffin first awoke
The bark of noisy hell-hounds bent on war!
'Tis over now!

Our flag hangs fearless now,
Strained to the top of every mast. There's not

A hand on earth dare think to let it down.
It may look calm reproof, and *that* it should;
And where's the cure?
The cure is in a heart
That's true. Some minds would rather face
The burning woes of hell than come before
The truth and see its purity.
And now,
Ruffin wakes up one other echo more,
And bursts dissatisfied from one into
Another world, if haply it may suit him.

There's Ruffin's history—here's Ruffin's end.

The little smoke he raises now, is soon
Blown from an atmosphere too clear for it.

And he who thought to fight to maintain wrong,
But proved him wrong until he gave it up;
And Ruffin's brains forced out by Ruffin's hand,
Winds up the tragedy—and we're avenged.

PART SECOND.

M O O D U S,

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

INTRODUCTION.

DID you ever think of the past,
And, like mariners high up the mast,
Strain your eye on what seemed but a void;
Till at length things obscure become clear,
And a feeling quite kindred to fear
Shows a joy that you hardly enjoyed?

Did you ever, on ground that you thought
With the weightiest influence fraught,

Seem to see the old heroes march out?
Or, perhaps on some place of romance,
Your quick mind runs along in advance,
And you people the spot beyond doubt.

If you have, then perhaps you were told
Of the Indian legend of old;—
Of the pale, whiskered-race then unknown,
Men who came in a bird o'er the waves,
And with lightning slew the red-braves,
And at length by the red man o'erthrown.

It was long before from Palos sailed
The band so daring, which nearly failed,

When seeking Cathay to the west:
After troubles and trials and doubt,
Till at last but Columbus held out,
And expected his hopes would be blest.

Yes! 'twas long before San Salvadore,
Or the Guanahana of yore,
Saw the pageant to their eyes so new;—
Long before he who toiled for the chance
Of perfecting his plans in advance,
Introduced a New World into view.
That from out of the cold, rough north-west—
That stern "Ultima Thule" so unblest—

Went a crew with rude knowledge and scant,
To scour o'er the trackless black waste
In their lust after gain, and their haste
To collect that which strangers did plant.

'Twas before old Queen Margaret the Dane
Had attempted, and that not in vain,
Joining Denmark and Norway in one;
And from that time did Norway take place,
And among all the rest of the race
She a place as a nation had won.

THE LEGEND.

PART I.

THE VOYAGE OF THE NORSEMEN.

LONG, long before, from old Scandinavian lands uninviting,
Started a band of adventurers seeking the land they had heard of.
Vinland, "the region of sunshine," Biorn had seen to the westward:
Many a youthful heart longed to go with the venturesome seamen;

Many a timid girl saw the form of her lover retreating,
Going to seek in a far-off land for the means to support her;
Many and divers farewells and many fond words of returning,
Up went the little white sails, and off went the billow-tossed vessel.

Iceland and Greenland are passed, and now to the southward proceeding;
Several days go by, and no land to the look-out arises;

Now to the westward they steer, and soon a new land is before them.

Singing their national hymn, they go to the shore with thanksgiving.

First goes the grey-haired priest, in his hand uplifted a crucifix;

Then the leader, majestic, his banners waving above him:

Next came the solid array of the steel-mailed, glittering guardsmen;

Foremost among the women, the child of the aged confessor;

Leaning on her for support, walked the beautiful
child of the leader:
Then came a motley collection of artizans, women
and children;
Tall in the midst rose the muscular form of the
blacksmith;
Tripping along at his side, moved the doubled-up,
solemn-faced sexton.

PART II.

THE PLOT.—ARRIVAL OF MOODUS.

There they settled and dwelt, and pointed the Indian
westward;
He would not turn his back on his home and the
graves of his fathers:
Openly acting the friend, in secret he hated the pale-
face.
Round to the neighboring tribes went the herald,
demanding assistance;

Braves in Moshassuk assembled, the war-dance was
danced in the meadow;
Then came the medicine-man, and stopped the dance
with a gesture;
Silently all sat down, and the prophet addressed them
as follows:
"Braves, you have smoked the red pipe, you have
danced, and are black with the war-paint;
"One you have failed to call, to go forth in your band
on the war path,—
"Moodus, the pride of Kiehtan; 'tis he that you fool-
ishly slighted."

Pautucket, the chieftain, arose and summoned
Seekonk, the fleet messenger;
"Go to the hills of Quonehticut, summon 'the pride
of Kiehtan,'—
"Go to young Moodus, the chieftain, on the Quoneh-
ticut river."
Then sat the chieftain Pautucket; Seekonk went
out from among them.
On the third morning, at sunrise, the medicine rose
up and shouted:
"Hark! on the hills I distinguish the feet of the
messenger nimble;

"Warriors follow his steps to assist the braves of the nation;

"War-paint, brilliant and gay, shines from faces tawny by nature;

"Tomahawk, bludgeon and bow, with quivers all bursting with arrows;—

"Now let the war-dance begin, and the young men chaunt out the death-song;

"I will invoke the Kiehtan if now he will give us the pale-face."

Then they began to tambour and dance with the wail of the death-song,

Till from the ground rose the medicine, holding his hand up for silence;—

"Children, be patient two suns, when the moon lights the tower of the stranger,

"Then may you take them in sleep and offer them up to destruction."

Better received was the last, than the first, of the message thus given:

But at the end rose a shout, and each one prepared for the battle.

From the Quonehticut hills now entered the army of Moodus;

At his command they encamped on the banks of the
broad Naragansette:
He, with Pautucket, went into the beautiful tent of
the latter:
There on the gay-colored mats at ease sat the chief-
tains together,
Smoking the fragrant tobacco in red sand-stone pipes
from the mountain.

PART III.

THE ATTACK.

Two days have gone with the sun which has set to the westward in glory,
And all the chieftains are ranging their braves for the terrible battle:
Watching the round full moon as she slowly moves up in the heavens—
Slowly, as if now reluctant, to give the bright signal for slaughter;

Finally, sadly she yields, and her rays touch the tower of the stranger;

Moodus then nods to Pautucket, and forward the braves move in silence.

Under the old stone tower, asleep, lies the watch of the colonists;

Quickly a form stole nimbly around the rough columns beside him;

This was the faithful young messenger, fleet-footed, graceful and trusty;

In the advance he would ever go of an army in motion;

Now he had slain in his slumbers the whiskered guard of the Norsemen,

And in an instant more, he was dressed in the spoils of the fallen;—

Helmet, and breastplate, and greaves, with corslet, tunic, and sabre,

Even now warm with the life of the cold and dead who had worn them.

Now in his civilized garb, he stalks t'ward the low, quiet village,

Springs to the roof of the church and the belfry, where hangs the alarm bell,

Gags while he snores, out-of-time, the garrulous, greasy old sexton,
Whom he awakes with a kick, to surprise and a cold perspiration;
Alarmed, that his arms will not move, and his tongue has forgotten its cunning,
Frightened, to find in his belfry a Skraeling-like, Christian-dressed stranger,
(Just as at home, as if born there,) and furling the flag of the Viking:
Then to the roof he steps down, in his arms takes the bed of the sexton,

Walking along on the peak, sets it down at the farther extremity,

Then looks wildly around, when a piercing yell breaks at the instant,

Changing as sudden, again on a higher note is continued,

Sounding like womanly cries of alarm, and children's wild frenzy:

When burst the first wild yell, our pioneer, striking his flint-rock,

Dropped down a spark on the bed of the sexton; then moving back quickly,

Soon re-appearing again, with the sexton, still gagged and perspiring,

Sets him astride of the peak, now blazing and crackling around him;

Then hurries back to the belfry in time to distinguish a Norseman;

Here at the first wild cry, he had hastened to sound the alarm bell,

Now in surprise he sees by his side a Red man, a Skraeling,—

In his dismay holds the rope, but gives no alarm, as he thought to;—

Leaping upon him, the Indian cut with the sabre the bell-rope,

"Twang-ge-te-tang" went the bell—then was still, save a low, humming murmur:

Closing at once with the Christian, a scuffle took place in the belfry,

Then came a slam on the steps, and there, wrapped up in his banner,

Lay cold and lifeless, beyond all alarm, the form of the Christian:

The banner just now so lofty, and shaking majestic defiance,

Lies 'round the corpse of the dead all gory, defaced
and forsaken.
Dropped from its pinnacle high, it no longer delights
the inhabitants,
And as they look to see it shaking its noisy defiance,
Many an arm dropped powerless, or fell on the foe
without slaying:
Such is the spirit one loses or gains as his flag drops
or flutters.

PART IV.

THE BATTLE.—BURNING THE SHIP.

Out on the greensward the Norseguard stand waiting
life or destruction;
Standing apart from the natives, with only the chief-
tians around them,
Stood young Moodus, and by him Pautucket, the
brave Naragansett,
Close by the side of the latter Seekonk, the fleet-
footed runner.

"Look!" said the chief from Quonehticut, "there sits the bird of the white man,

"Waiting to float them away, and curse some new land with her cargo,—

"Let now but three volunteer to slay the great bird of the stranger."

Out to the front stepped the fleet-footed, noble Seekonk, the young messenger;

Eager to join in the enterprise, forward came thoughtful Showomet:

Both these men were noble, and always hunted and rambled together.

Now, as they waited a third, they stood, each embracing the other;

Then to the front came Seaconet — passionate, treacherous, wily:

Sad were Sekonk and Showomet to find dark Seaconet their ally:

The pause was but for an instant, yet noticed by wily Seaconet;

Deep in his innermost heart he treasured the look of his allies;

Never could any one say of Seaconet he pardoned an insult,

Neither could any affirm he avenged it in noble encounter.

Now they were ready to start, and the three set forth on their mission.

Reaching the bank, in an instant the two plunged into the water;

The third, concealed, prepared to slay with his slate-pointed arrows;—

"Twang" went his bow-string, and fleet flew the long, oaken shaft of Seaconet;

Harmless it bounded away like the hail from the mountain,

Yet in concealment he waited to see the great carcass
roll over;
While he waited and gazed, a movement is heard in
the anchor-chains;
Then on the deck appear the forms of his two young
companions;
Now they are lost to his view, while hatred and
envy fast hold him:
Then from all parts of the ship rise up crackling
flames to the heavens;—
Quick, while the chieftians admire, Seaconet comes
back to their presence,

Receives applauses for deeds which he did no more than his praisers.

Still on his bended knees, the encomium hearing, in come the doers;

They did not come without proof, for they brought the poor pilot, affrighted,

And many strange looking, nautical wonders, a gift to the body of chieftians:

Then did young Moodus, the chieftian, look on Seaconet in anger;

Friendly he turned to the others and praised, while his features were smiling.

Never did any forget, who were present, the words of laudation;
Least of all in the group could Seaconet, the wily, forget them.

PART V.

THE CAPTIVES.—THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER.

Meanwhile the battle had raged, and the whites were
completely subjected;
Squads and detachments come in, the lances all drip-
ping with scalp-tops:
Nought now remained of the place but smouldering
ruins and ashes;
Grimly arose the only survivor, "the tower of the
stranger:"

Round and beneath its rough columns were marshalled the captives.

First stood the garrulous sexton, who swore he was ever their ally;

Next him the obstinate pilot, nearly as dark as the natives;

Leaning against a post lay the venerable priest of the village;—

To God his prayers ascend, aye! his prayers and his spirit together,

And from his eye looks the glare of the dead for the gaze of the living;

Close at his side, and in tears, stands the brotherless, sisterless orphan.

"There is a captive transcendant, and like to the moonlight in beauty,"

Spoke out Pautucket to Moodus. "Whose shall she be for a captive?"

Moodus in calmness began, and his words dropped like music among them:

"Chiefs of the people may never marry but with the approval

"Of him who governs the seasons;—call out the medicine brothers!"

Then in the centre stood forth all the chieftians assembled together,

And to the circle were called Seekonk and the thoughtful Showomet.

Quickly the medicine men raised their wild incantations apart:

Meanwhile each of the Sagamores marked out a circle around him:

Blindfold, the chief of the medicines shot with his shaft to the zenith;

Curving a little it fell, and struck Seekonk on the shoulder.

Glad was the thoughtful Showomet, who knew that
his comrade had loved her.
Often the messenger stood by the home of the Jarl
and the maiden,
Dumbly and patiently loving, yet hardly daring to
think so.
None had known of his love but Showomet, who
shared all his secrets.
Now she was his by decree of the chieftians, and
heaven had done it.
Leading the beautiful girl like a fawn to his own
habitation,

He and his faithful companion talked of the plans
of the wedding;
"When she is willing only," Seekonk said, "the
wedding will happen."
Beating of tambours and drums was heard for assem-
bling in council,
And they were summoned away to the side of
Pautucket, the chieftian.

PART VI.

THE INVITATION TO THE TRIBES.

"Go!" said the chief of the people, the well formed chieftain, Pautucket,

"Go to the nations, Seekonk, and bid them come all to my gathering;

"Go to the land of Mohigans, to the Quonehticut river;

"Seek the Wampanoags, summon all to the feast at Nantasket.

"Visit the Mohawks, with them the Pequots, bid hither to Aquibneck.

"Tell them Moshassuk is free to them all; yes, free from usurpers.

"Here we will revel and dance in praise of the spirit Kiehtan.

"Go to the far distant North, to the brave Massachusets and ask them;

"Bid them all to the feast of the Manibow and to Moshassuk."

Seekonk delayed but to give to the thoughtful Showomet directions.

"Keep my possessions," said he, "If I never return, keep them always.

"Let not 'my lily' want aught till I come again to Moshassuk."

Then away went the youth to assemble the nations for feasting.

PART VII.

SEACONET'S REVENGE.

Never did Seaconet learn to forgive nor was ever
forgetful.

Seekonk had not yet returned, but Seaconet entered
his wigwam.

Night was just dropping her dark sable covering over
the landscape;

When he came out, not alone, he turned his steps to
the river;

Sadly the captive hung back, yet knew of no friend
to appeal to.

Showomet, looking to see if ought might be wanting
within,

Found but a wigwam deserted, and sought for the
tracks of the fugitive;

Now when he saw with them others he hurried to
seize the offender;

On to the shore he pursued them, and there saw Sea-
conet retreating.

Into the opposite point leaped the birch-bark canoe
of Seaconet,

Hastily plucking an arrow he sent it after the traitor.

Instantly swam to the point, and found that his aim had been fatal,

Not to the treacherous man, but had pierced the innocent lily.

In his mad grief and despair Seaconet stood scowling beside him;

Angry they looked at each other, no need of words were to either:

Hardly Showomet could spare him, so much he thought for the lover;

Yet he refused to murder a foe who was no way his
equal.
Turning to re-swim the bay, he saw the long knife of
Seaconet
Gleaming over his shoulder, a meagre warning of
danger;
Then in very defence he seized the wily assassin,
Bearing him down to the ground, they closed in a
death-grip together.
That was Seaconet's last treachery; never again did
he battle;
Though he was conquered, he plotted no vengeance
when dead: first forgets.

Hardly able to stand Showomet arose from the conflict,

Rested awhile on the bank before crossing again to the village;

Then in the boat of the fallen, he paddles over the water,

With the exertion he fainted and in the canoe lay extended;

Left to the wind and the waves, chance brought them back to the village.

Lifeless he lay in the boat now beached on the bank of the river.

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Now to the village returned the messenger back from the nations,
Finding his wigwam deserted, he followed the tracks to the water;
There he awaited impatient Showomet's returning to reason.
He only wakened to die, and seeing Seekonk bending o'er him,
Pointed him east to the point, and died in the arms of his comrade.

Now he can wait no longer, he paddlies the skiff to the eastward,

Upon the point again runs the birch-bark boat of the wily,
Showing the dove and the vulture in death side by side on the meadow,
Spurning the corpse of the man, which slides down the bank to the water.
Prostrate he fell by the form he had loved so, and gained so, and lost so;
There in the moon-light Seekonk fell, *and died* broken-hearted.

Great was the tumult next morn when the youths were missed from the village.

"Pale blood has done it all," said Pautucket, "now murder them singly;

"Red-men or white must perish, they cannot the same land inhabit."

Every captive was murdered—so ends the ancient norse colony.

Nothing remains but one monument, that too, is wrapped up in mystery;

Only "the old tower" at New Port, "the old stone tower of the stranger."

PART VIII.

DEATH OF MOODUS.

When the last captive fell dead from out of the woods came the blacksmith:
Savagely had he contended, and then to the woods fled for refuge.
Roots and wild herbs had supported his life 'till reason had left him,
Only a while had he hoped to survive his wretched companions.

Into the midst of the sagamores strode the huge bulk
of the blacksmith,
As an avenger appeared this new apparition among
them;
Up to the noble young Moodus he marched, as the
worthiest victim,
Burried his knife to the hilt before any could see his
intention;
Moodus fell quick, but a hundred tomahawks slew
the assassin.
Then rising half way, the chieftain spake these last
words to his followers;

Sad was the face of the chief, but more so the words which he uttered:

"Moodus is going to leave you, to visit the land of Kiehtan:

"Goes to the unknown land to hunt with the braves of antiquity;

Into the land which we know not, the realm of uncertainty.

"Bury me on the great mountain washed by the salmon-filled river,

("Where I can always hear the gurgling Quonehticut river.")

"There may I never be troubled by Pale-men's foot-steps above me.

"Should they again return I will speak from my sepulchre loudly;

"Should they oppress you, my people, I could not be quiet and know it;

"Should they set foot on my grave, even they shall be awed by my groanings."

Speaking, he fell asleep, but was never forgotten by Red-men.

CONCLUSION.

When five hundred years afterwards they were o'ercome by the Pale-face,

Turning to old Mount Tom, they heard the fulfillment of prophecy;

When they were driven to seek new homes in the wilderness westward,

Turning to old Mount Tom, they heard the deep groanings of Moodus.

Now in the far-off-west, reduced a pitful fragment,
Old men think of the mountain that stands by the fair-flowing river;
Think of the fate of their race, and the groanings of Moodus, the chieftain.
And to the young of the tribe, go through with "the legend of Moodus."
Tell of Seekonk and Moshassuk, tell of "the tower of the stranger."

NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 43. "Envoy should read "envy."

" 45. The flag was raised again on Fort Sumter the day that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated.

" 47. Ruffin, a Virginian, claimed the right to fire the first shot for the rebellion, which was granted, and, after the conflict was over, he shot himself in Richmond.

PART SECOND.

Page 61. Biorn, son of Herjulf, sailed from Norway to Iceland, Greenland, and to lands which he named Helluland, Markland, and Vinland, 986 A. D.

Helluland, Land of Stones, supposed to be Newfoundland.

Markland, Land of Wood, or Nova Scotia.

Vinland, Land of Vines, New England, where wild grapes are native, which gave the name also to Martha's Vineyard.

Page 63. Christianity was introduced into Norway, A. D. 1000.

" 66. Moshassuk, Indian name of Providence, R. I.

" " Medicine-men, Priests of the American Indians.

" " Kiehtan, The great spirit, the Indian's God.

" 67. "Quonehticut," so Governor Winthrop spelled Connecticut.

" 74. "Skraeling," Norse for "Indian."

" 75. Vikings, Petty Lords, wandering Freebooters.

" 80. Strike out "men" in the last line.

" 89. Sagamores, Indian Chiefs.

" 93. Aquibneck should read Aquitneck.

" " Manibow, should read Manitow, the great spirit.

" 101. "Upon" should read "Up on."

" 105. The speech commencing "Moodus is going to leave you," continues to "Speaking he fell asleep;" each line should therefore have quotation marks. Line fourth is no exception.

" 107. Mount Tom, on Salmon River and its branch Moodus River.

Salmon River, a branch of the Connecticut, fifteen miles from its mouth.

Moodus, Indian word for "noise." The place was named Mackimoodus, place of noises. These are a kind of earthquake, having their centre at Mount Tom, in the town of East Haddam, and so severe at times that they have been heard as far North as Boston and South as New York City.

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